

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest my Lord?

*Ham.* I fir, to be honest as this world goes  
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a  
good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,  
But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he  
knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and  
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare  
this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter my Lord?

*Ham.* Betweene who?

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

*Ham.* Slanders fir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old  
men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes  
purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a  
plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which  
fir though I most powerfully and potently beleeeve, yet I hold it  
not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow  
old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will  
you walke out of the aire my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave.

*Pol.* Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes  
his replies are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which rea-  
son and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave  
him and my daughter, My Lord I will take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more  
willingly part withall, except my life except my life, except my  
life.

*Enter Guildensterne and Rosencraus.*

*Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fooles.

*Pol.* You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

*Ros.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ros.* God save your fir.

*Guil.* My honoured Lord.

*Ros.* My most deare Lord.

*Ham.* My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstern*?  
*Ah Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guyl.* Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap,  
We are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.

*Ros.* Neither my Lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her fa-

*Guyl.* Faith her privates we. (vors.)

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strum-  
pet. What newes?

*Ros.* None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true.)

*Ham.* Then is Doomes-day neere: but your newes is not  
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfenour*?

*Ros.* To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

*Ham.* Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks, but I thank  
you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe-peny:  
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita-  
tion? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.

*Guyl.* What should we say my Lord?

*Ham.* Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were sent for, and there  
is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have  
not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queene  
have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end my Lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the  
rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the  
obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a  
better proposer can charge you withall, bee even and direct with  
me whether you were sent for or no.

*Ros.* What say you?

*Ham.* Nay then I have an eie of you, if you love me hold not off.

*Guyl.* My Lord we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your  
discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no fea-

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